

Dom

Point of dagger firm
in flesh.

But not really.

Just a dart with words to feel pains of her
leaving,

invisible

in lights of her blue frozen
eyes.

Or were they green?

Hand over heartbeat while moon stripe on road in
white silver glow and my own
mind blank from knowing our time
is done or
split
for too many holidays
and too many years
all ahead.

Clouds come now and carry her north
to a den she knows

a place where I'm not
but am

and the years will grow and block us in tiles
from any sort of bond
but the questions
and questions.